

# OUR DUMB Animals

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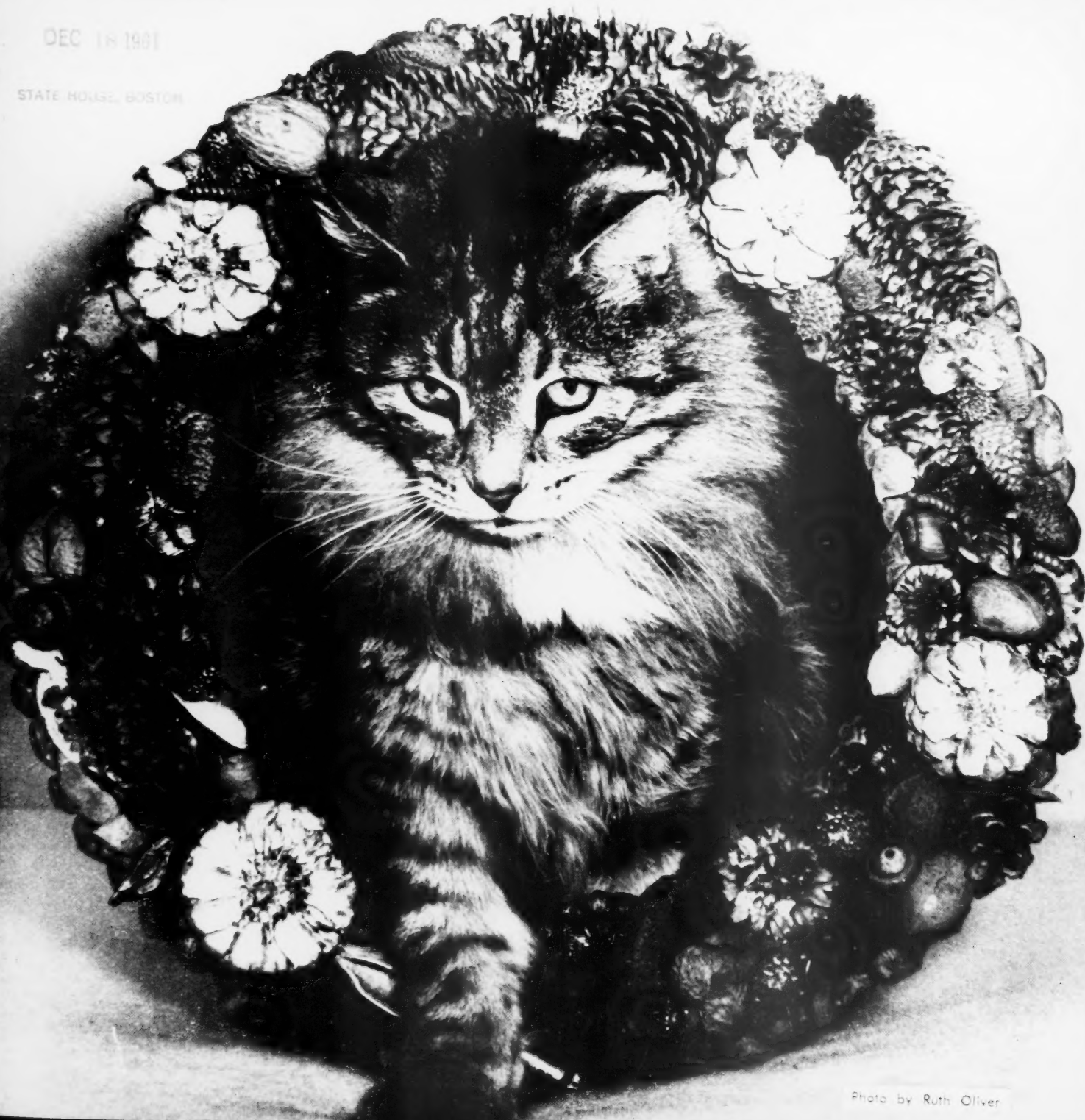


Photo by Ruth Oliver



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# OUR DUMB Animals

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## *Christmas—1961*

**O**NCE again the joyous Christmas Season is at hand—the season when family and friends seem nearer than ever—the season when we think of giving—when our thoughts turn a little more to others—a little less to ourselves. Christmas is the season when we give special consideration to those who are less fortunate.

Each year, our Society looks forward to Christmas for a very special reason—because it gives the opportunity of coming into your home and again extending holiday greetings and expressing sincere gratitude for your generosity in the past.

As you are probably aware, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. receives no financial assistance from city, state or United Fund. We depend solely on our good members and friends to contribute toward the continuance of our varied activities which are so far-reaching in scope that it would require many reams of paper to describe them fully. For example, the outstanding services rendered by our famed hospitals and clinics in behalf of the sick and injured are known far and wide, as are our many investigations of cases of cruelty to unfortunate animals. Equally important are our humane education program, the effective programs conducted by our other departments and the work performed at our various shelters throughout the state.

It can truly be said that none of these activities could be accomplished were it not for the generosity of valued friends like yourself. We sincerely hope that we may count on you again this year to help us carry on this work in behalf of animals who need our attention so desperately.

Won't you please say "Merry Christmas" to them by remembering our Society, through whose efforts their continued care and comfort may be assured?

With all good wishes for you and yours for the Holiday Season,

E. H. H.

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"Yes, Blackie arrived safe and sound. Thank you very much Santa!" . . . "Woof, Woof!"

# Christmas Canine Cheer

By FRANCES EMLER

THE Christmas gift that wags its tail, licks your hand, and yips "Merry Christmas" is the best one of all to the entire family. During the month of December more puppies embark upon their careers as rulers of the American household than during any other month. So, if you're looking for a sovereign for your castle, here are a few points to consider.

*What breed of dog?* This depends upon where you live . . . also upon your purpose in acquiring a dog. If you live

in a three-room apartment, a Chihuahua is a better bet than a Great Dane. However, many large dogs live a happy dog's life in close quarters, because their owners exercise them conscientiously. This exercise is frequently as good for the owners as it is for the dogs!

If your dog is to be a child's pet, it's wise to choose a medium or larger breed that can hold its own with youngsters. As for getting along with children, most puppies are remarkably tolerant. How-

ever, an investigation into the disposition of the puppy's mother and father will give you some indication of what you can expect of the little guy.

*Pure bred or mongrel?* "Mr. Mutt" will make just as faithful and affectionate a companion as "Miss Pure-Bred," his chief disadvantage being that his temperament and physical characteristics are more unpredictable. You may figure he'll grow up to be about the size of a Boston Terrier, only to find he tips the scales with (and eats as much as) a Basset Hound. But by this time you'll have become so attached to him you won't care!

*Long or short hair?* A short-haired dog is obviously easier to care for. However, if you or someone in your family has the time to spend, grooming a long-haired dog can be fun.

*Where and how to buy?* Do business with a reliable breeder, if possible, or a reputable pet shop. Be sure to buy a healthy puppy.

In choosing a healthy canine addition to your family, here are a few points to consider. Avoid a puppy if his eyes and nose are discharging, or if he has a cough, diarrhea, or is running a temperature. He may have distemper. Beware of any patches on his coat, as they may indicate a skin disease. Examine his teeth. Discoloration may be the sign of a former illness. Check his hearing by standing behind him and snapping your fingers to attract his attention.

Having convinced yourself that the little fellow who licked your hand and won your heart is a sound specimen of dogdom, take him home for your Christmas stocking. But have a competent veterinarian examine him soon to verify that he is in good health. Then use preventive medicine to keep him that way. It's much more economical in the long run, and much easier on you and the dog.

In acquiring a dog, many people lose sight of the fact that there is some necessary initial medical expense involved. This includes inoculations for distemper, infectious hepatitis, and rabies . . . also worming, if necessary.

Exactly what *your pup* needs depends upon *your pup*, and a competent veterinarian is the only person who can adequately advise you. He's the best pal . . . next to you, of course . . . your dog will ever have! See to it that your dog makes his acquaintance very soon.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS





# Adeste Fideles

By CATHERINE PARMENTER NEWELL

*That night they came,  
quite unafraid:  
The fawn, the fox,  
the timid hare —  
All creatures of  
the field and wood  
To join the cattle  
kneeling there.  
And lo! He looked  
on them and smiled —  
The Lord of Life —  
the Christmas Child!*



*In Bethlehem the angels  
sang ...  
A star, like fire,  
burned close above ...  
And yet they knew not  
any fear,  
Trusting the wonder of  
His love.  
And lo! each gentle,  
furry thing  
Knelt down before  
the little King!*

Over seven hundred years ago St. Francis of Assisi celebrated the Nativity of the Child Jesus with the first crib devotion in the village of Greccio. Many think of St. Francis as the patron saint of the Humane Societies all over the world because of his love of his "brother" animals.



December, 1961



## Doves Shall Ever Mourn

By LOUISE CHENEY



*The song of the dove is a mournful one.*

SITUATED at the upper part of Blacksmith Fork Canyon, twenty-two miles south of Logan, Utah is a winter wonderland for elk. There they can escape the bitter cold of the high regions and feed on hay provided by the state. Hardware Ranch, as this animal winter quarters is called, is state operated. Purchased and developed by the Utah State Department of Fish and Game to prevent the elk from migrating from the high country into the fruit farms of the valley around Logan, it has proven a successful venture, for when the first snows fall around the first of December each year several hundred elk move in for their winter rations. Last year about three hundred elk consisting of a few adult bulls, mostly cows, calves and yearlings of both sexes remained at the ranch from late December until early March. Other years of heavier snowfalls have seen as many as six hundred and fifty elk at the ranch.

The elk are free to come and go as they choose but generally elect to remain during the winter and then in the spring toward the last of March move back into the high country.

On more than one weekend more than 2000 visitors have been at Hardware Ranch. The place has become well known all over and has attracted sight-seers from all over the United States and even several foreign countries. Visitors are treated to a sleigh ride behind a pair of jingling-belled horses to and from the feeding grounds of the herd.

TO Mexican folklore can be credited the most touching and beautiful explanation as to why the song of the dove is a plaintive sob—an explanation that ties directly into the Yule season, as according to the touching legend, it was on the very first Christmas when the Christ Child lay in the manger in Bethlehem, that eternal sorrow came to abide with the little gray dove whose mournful song is heard in the mist-shrouded dawn of an early spring day and the quiet solitude of an autumn twilight.

The story goes that all of creation had been alerted that a Savior was to be born into the world. Eagerly, the animals that roamed the timberlands, the birds that soared wild and free against the endless sky, the fish that dwelt in the briny depths of the ocean and the cool dark waters of inland rivers and lakes, even the stars that sequined the ebon canopy of the night skies, awaited the glorious event. And when at last an angel proclaimed to all the world that the Messiah had come, all earth's creatures came reverently to worship the Babe in the Manger—that is—all but one. The little dove was not among the worshippers. So inconspicuous was the drab feathered little bird, so humble, so unobtrusive, that no one thought to acquaint her with the glad tidings. And yet paradoxically the pilot that guided the creatures to the Christ Child was a gentle dove—a form assumed by the Holy Spirit.

And so to its everlasting sorrow, the humble little bird did not see the Holy Child in the Manger on that very first Christmas so long ago and the sorrow which came to dwell in its heart, remains to this day and the song of the dove is ever a sob, mournful and grief-laden.

## Winter Wonderland

By LOUISE CHENEY



*Every December the Elk move in for their winter rations.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

I THINK it was Uncle Oliver who once said, "Believe me, the better mousetrap has nothing to do with it. Let a body—anybody settle down for a nap or step into the shower, and as sure as dogs chase cats, the world will come a-knocking at his door."

With one exception, Uncle Oliver was right. The world doesn't knock on my door—it walks right in.

In all fairness I must say that the world, or rather that segment which is real estate minded, isn't entirely to blame for this apparent oversight. Blame my husband, who, in his eagerness to sell the farm, directed all and sundry prospective buyers to go right in and look around if no one answers the bell.

The possibility of my being immersed in water or deep in sleep when unheralded visitors arrived, probably never occurred to him. It did to me though, and for some time I showered early of a morning and late at night with never a nap in between.

Time passed and as prospective buyers appeared less and less frequently I reverted to my old habit of showering when the mood prompted, following with a nap if time permitted.

It was during this lapse of caution that the inevitable happened, causing me, thanks to Sam's interference, considerable embarrassment and annoyance.

The day that two carloads of would-be buyers arrived simultaneously, began like any other day. After the usual chores, I went into the vineyard to tie up the young vines. Sam went with me and although the day was extremely warm, he exerted himself, chasing rabbits, chasing black birds, digging for gophers, barking at bees.

By three o'clock we both were exhausted and returned to the house where it was cool and quiet.

I couldn't get under the shower quickly enough. Collecting fresh clothing, I placed them on a bench outside the shower, tossed my soiled things into a hamper on the service porch, noticing as I did so that Sam was spread out in all directions on the kitchen floor, fast asleep.

"Poor little tyke," I said. "Dead tired. I'll bet you don't move from there the rest of the afternoon."

Several minutes later, a sound, which I interpreted as the slam of a car door gave me pause, but only for a second. Imagination, I told myself. Who, with a brain in his head would venture out in this heat if he were not compelled to do so?



"Oh boy, another group of prospective buyers for our farm!"

December, 1961

# Sam, the Unpredictable

By INA LOUEZ MORRIS

*Author of the beloved "Mr. Blue" series*

The shower completed, I was drying my hair, when suddenly I froze. Somewhere in the house people were moving about, talking. I heard a man say, "Herbie, if you don't stop handling things you'll have to go outside. And you, Debbie, stop running in and out. You're letting flies in."

Prospects! I thought in a panic and reached for my clothes. But my clothes were not there—not one single, solitary item!

This could be only Sam's doing, but there wasn't time to think about that now. What I had to find was something to wear and quickly.

The only thing available was the shower curtain, but by the time I could have unhooked it, the horde would be upon me.

I'm not exaggerating when I say, "horde." By the sounds of it, the house was bulging at the seams.

I dodged back into the shower as a woman opened the door and announced in a shrill voice that she's found "the modern convenience."

"Just a minute," I cried, conceivably scaring her out of her wits. "Will you please go to the bedroom closet and bring me a robe?"

"My, but you gave us a scare," the woman said later. "Poor little Herbie is pale as a sheet . . ."

I said I was sorry and showed them out.

After the visitors were gone I looked for my clothes and found them exactly where I knew they'd be. On the kitchen couch.

I called Sam in to give him a lesson in deportment. But call him in as far as I got. Before I could point out the errors of his ways there came another group, bent on inspection.



## "GABBY"

By JENNIE M. MORELAND

**W**HEN I walked onto the patio one evening to see if our four cats and two dogs had finished eating, I could hardly believe my eyes. There, gulping hastily from one of the dishes, was a thin, half-grown kitten. All four legs were abnormally short, and his paws were deformed, with only three toes on each. Yet, there he stood, defying two strange dogs and four grown cats!

I called our animals into the house, so the little stranger could eat in peace. When he was through, I picked him up, which he immediately resented, and let me know in no uncertain terms that he did! But I held on, and took him over to our neighbor, who has two small children who had been wanting a kitten. They fixed him a bed in the barn, and I went happily home, because my husband had said he would leave for parts unknown if we acquired another cat!

The next morning, when I went out to feed the animals, there, waiting very confidently, was the little black and white kitten! He sat straight up on his haunches, like a dog taught to beg. We learned later that he does this often, probably because of his very short front legs.

I didn't have the heart to refuse him, so I let him eat, then again, took him to the neighbor's barn, amid great growling and wriggling. We also found out later that he never wants to be picked up, although he loved to cuddle up to one or the other of us, when it suited *him*!

After several days of this "see-sawing" back and forth, I gave up; "Gabby" was

the newest member of our family. He seemed to know just when I admitted defeat, because the next time I opened the back door for our lovely "orange" American Persian, little "Gabby" came hobbling happily right in after him.

Why "Gabby?" Have you ever had a cat who talks to you? Oh, yes, I know! All of our cats greet us with "meows," "meuws," "mows," "rrows," "ddrrhhs," and all the other sounds small felines make, but "Gabby" carries on long conversations with us! And it is perfectly obvious that he firmly believes that we understand every "word!" He puts his whole heart into the performance; wriggling around, twitching his whiskers, flicking his ears, and making different shapes with his mouth, as if for better enunciation.

The big Persian accepted "Gabby" graciously, and the calico female treated him with her usual kindly interest. Tiger, the "tom," suspicious of anything new or different, left him strictly alone, while the white female hated him on sight! After many scoldings and a couple of sharp smacks, she maintains an armed truce, broken only when she thinks I am not around to come to "Gabby's" rescue.

"Gabby" and the black "Dachsie" are good friends, but he dearly loves the "Sheltie," and he is the only cat the "Sheltie" has ever eyed with anything but cold suspicion in all of his twelve years.

I can't help grinning to myself in the morning, when I hear my husband and "Gabby" carrying on a long conversation, after all of the threats of leaving home!

### 43rd Annual School Poster Contest

**T**HE forty-third annual School Poster Contest, sponsored by The American Humane Education Society, is now on. There was an increase of five thousand entries last year. School children submitting prize-winning posters received a six-month subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** or attractive pins.

It is most gratifying to see the results of thoughtful effort that many children expand on their entries. It is evident that the outstanding posters are expressions of meaningful consideration. Perhaps the youngster has for the first time in his life thought seriously about the welfare of other living things. Those thoughts are then manifested in tangible form as a poster.

During Be Kind to Animals Week, May 7-13, 1961 posters of display caliber were displayed at Jordan Marsh Company's and Filene's downtown Boston stores. These stores have been most cooperative by displaying our posters over the years.

Write:

THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY  
180 Longwood Ave.  
Boston 15, Mass.

### Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1961 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing in January. The price for this handsome volume, bound in imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to **ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.



# Sacred Burden

By JEWELL CASEY

FROM Belgium comes the legend of a donkey. He was a very vain creature, and while eating grass in the pastures at Galilee, considered himself the most handsome animal there. When getting water, he especially admired his reflection, thinking how beautiful his long silken ears were. He even disdained the pretty white horse which the Roman messenger rode to tell Joseph, the carpenter, of the governor's order to enroll all citizens.

But enroute to Bethlehem, the donkey experienced a change of heart. As his master, Joseph, led the proud beast along the rough path, bearing Mary upon his back, the animal grew meek and humble. And after returning to Nazareth carrying the Mother and Christ-child, the other animals wondered that the donkey was not boasting of the great honor bestowed upon him. When questioned what had come over him, the humble donkey told the other beasts that since his ears had heard the voice of the angels lifted in song, he would always droop them in humble reverence for the heavenly favor, and would never be vain any more, but would always strive to serve mankind.

In certain sections of faraway Syria, children listen for the approach of the Magic Mule bearing gifts for them. According to legend, once upon a time on Epiphany Eve, a certain good man was riding his mule through the forest. Just at midnight he tied his mule to a large tree and went into the woods to pray. Returning to the spot where he had left the mule, there was no trace of him. The astonished man looked all around and finally saw the animal in the topmost branches of the huge tree! This proved that at midnight the tree had bent down in honor of the Holy Babe, and as it straightened up the mule was caught in its branches. Since then the mule has been considered a holy creature on Christmas Eve.





# Animals in Christmas Legend

By Jennie B.

This beautiful representation of the Nativity features the presence of a number of animals in the hallowed stable to which have come the Wise Men to adore Him.

INTO the Christmas story, legends of animals have been introduced through the centuries.

Some of these have no religious significance. All are without authority from the Gospels. Matthew, Mark, and John mention no animals. Luke says the shepherds "left their flocks."

It is doubtless the artists who are most responsible for the portrayal of animals in the Nativity scene. Poets have fostered the fancy. It was such a pleasing notion that for a long time men have let their imaginations play around it, until animals are an established part of our concept of the event.

The earliest animals thus introduced are the ox and the ass. From the sixth century to the sixteenth, there was never any representation of the Nativity without these two. St. Jerome sponsored the tradition, basing it on his interpretation of the prophecy in Isaiah 1:3, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," and a passage in the Vulgate, "He shall lie down between the ox and the ass." An old Latin hymn describes these two as warming the newborn Child with their breath. As symbols, the ox

is the emblem of the Jews and the ass of the Gentiles.

The vision of the poets open our thoughts to what might have been. Robert P. Tristram Coffin tells of a calf born in the stable that night and on its face a white cross; another describes a mouse making her nest and bringing forth her young within the reach of Mary's fingers, and of Mary, without fear, saying, "Thou, too?" Eleanor Farjeon explains the soft, lambent light in the eye of the cow as coming from "The ray that was destined for her and for Him."

An unknown poet imagines a wren on her nest in the stable:

*"I would I might strip off," she said,  
"Gold feathers from my breast and head,  
Enough to warm and shield withal  
This comfortless small Babe in stall,  
And would my feathers were his bed!"*

In honor of the donkey that carried Mary and Jesus in their flight into Egypt, the old French town of Beauvais instituted a Christmas Festival, called "La Fete de L'Ana" (The Festival of the Donkey.)

The central figure of a solemn procession of church dignitaries, choir boys, and young girls, was a donkey, gayly accoutered and bearing on his back a beautiful girl of unblemished character with a baby in her arms. Donkey drivers urged the animal on with a slap and a song that promised much hay if he made haste. The crowd chanted in Latin the "Song of the Donkey." The first verse, translated is:

*"They departed from the Orient  
Riding on a donkey,  
Beautiful and strong,  
Well able to carry a load."*

From the Syrians comes a lovely tale about the "Baby Camel that walked to Jesus." It tells of a camel born the night that the Wise Men first saw the heavenly light. Because there seemed nothing else to do, they took the little fellow along. Decked out just like his mother with richly woven rugs, a tasseled headdress, and prayer rope around his neck, he trotted along beside her until they came to the stable in Bethlehem. When the baby camel found that the Wise Men had gone inside, leaving him with the kneeling camels, he bleated piteously. The infant Jesus heard him and raised

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# Christmas Story endary Appeal

Jennie F. Copeland

*This is a reproduction of the old English woodcut, mentioned in the text. If you look carefully you will see the angels singing and the animals talking among themselves.*

his tiny hand for the door to be opened and then bestowed on the little camel a smile and a blessing. The Syrian children who have heard the story, place a dish of sweetened water outside the door on Christmas Eve, and those who have been good for a year and a day, find toys and candies next morning, left by the "little camel that walked to Jesus."

According to legends, animals are given speech on Christmas Eve and converse at midnight. Few have heard them, for dire misfortune befalls the person who listens. Not only do they hear bad things about themselves, but death may follow.

An old English woodcut of 1631, now preserved in London, shows animals worshipping the Child. The cock crows, "Christus Natus Est" (Christ is born); the raven croaks, "Quando" (When); the crow replies, "Hac Nocte" (This night); the cow moos, "Ubi" (Where); the lamb bleats, "In Bethlehem," and the angels sing, "Gloria in Excelsis."

In legends, animals fall to their knees at midnight of Christmas Eve, sheep march around the fields in solemn procession, fish come out of the sea, and bees hum all night.

In many lands, effigies of animals are

part of Christmas decorations. Polish children put on animal masks and go about singing Christmas songs.

In Estonia, children masquerade as bears, storks, goats, and other creatures.

Animals get special feeding at this time. In Boston, apples and carrots are fed to dray horses and hot coffee served to their drivers the day before Christmas by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. In Scandinavian countries, an extra feeding of oats is given the cattle early Christmas Eve, and bundles of wheat for the birds are put on the roofs, or fastened to the trees. In Devonshire, England, a spray of holly is placed upon the bee hives. In the homes of Croatian peasants in older times, a carefully groomed pig was brought into the kitchen as the clock strikes midnight. In front of the fireplace, the people take turns plucking out hairs and throwing them on the fire. This

brings good luck. When the pig becomes unmanageable he is taken back to his pen and given a real Christmas meal.

Piggy banks may have originated in Denmark, where children used to go about in the early fall selling coarse brown pottery banks in the shape of pigs. The "Yule pig" was broken at Christmas.

—Mansfield News & Foxboro Times

*Editor's Note:* And let us not forget "A Visit from St. Nicholas" by Clement C. Moore. What child or adult can ever forget those "eight tiny reindeer" or St. Nick's stirring call:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now,  
Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner  
and Blitzen!"







# Poor Mose

By FAYE PATTEN

Poor little Mose looked longingly out of one eye at the young man and purred loudly.

THE BROWNS had reached a point in their accumulation of feline boarders where it seemed that they must find adopters for some of the free-loaders. They had advertised in *The Weekly Clarion* that four kittens of dubious parentage, but winsome ways and fine mixed colorings, were in need of good homes, homes where they would be welcomed. They were waiting for lookers when they heard a me-ow, a me-ow so compellingly plaintive that they hurried out to the rock fence bordering the west premises of their yard.

Mose was looking down at them, albeit with a sidewise lean. For a moment the Browns halted. Why, that must be one of their kittens. He was the same size as Pep and Hep. But no, Mose was looking at them uncertainly. As they drew nearer they saw that the cat had only one eye, the other sightless and scarcely healed of an apparent injury.

Well, no doubt about, said the Browns, this time they would just have to take the new cat to the local S.P.C.A. shelter. However, they agreed, it wouldn't hurt to keep him "a day or so" to nurse him and feed him, just in case he did belong to someone and might be called for.

*Poor Little Mose.* Why *Poor Little Mose*? The Browns didn't know. He simply became *Poor Little Mose*.

When a few—too few—interested "takers" came in answer to the ad about the kittens, Mose was quickly hidden in a little pen. Seeing Mose might kill the enthusiasm the visitors may feel for taking one of other cats.

*Poor Little Mose* stayed by himself mostly, but when the Browns picked him up to make him feel less lonely, he touched their cheeks softly with his right paw.

A few days after the Browns had fallen heir to Mose, they were discussing his future. Well, it might be that he needed more building up. Perhaps they should keep him a little longer. Mose purred softly as he placed his paw gently against a Brown cheek.

Suddenly the Browns realized that someone had come into the yard. A different young man approached. Quickly they put Mose in the pen. The other cats and kittens romped about on the lawn. The stranger's scrutiny plainly announced his intentions.

"How about the little one over there by himself?" the young man asked, moving toward Mose. The Browns then saw that they had not secured the door of the pen and Mose was out. He me-owed plaintively, edging up to the young man.

"That's only *Poor Little Mose*," the Browns said hastily, "but we have other kittens. Come, Mose, into your pen again."

The stranger scooped up Mose. Mose turning his head further sideways, and reached out a tentative paw.

"Cats bare their claws and scratch, even when they don't mean to hurt," mused the young man, stroking Mose. Mose touched his cheek gently with his soft paw. Not a claw appeared. "Why, his paw feels like velvet. May I have this one?"

The Browns looked at the cats and kittens on the ground. They were plump perfect specimens of the feline world. He could have his choice, and they would keep Mose longer until he too was fat, though they could not restore his eye nor possibly the awkward turn of his head. Thus they assured the young man. But now Mose lay in the crook of his arm and seemed really contented for the first time.

"But why—*Poor Little Mose*"—the Browns asked.

"Well, you see, Mose needs me, and—I need him." The last words were spoken almost under his breath. The stranger smiled and walked away, Mose cuddled against him.

The Browns wiped their eyes and smiled a little sadly, as the young man limped away slowly, carrying Mose in his arms.

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Children benefit from owning pets when they bear the responsibilities of caring for the pets.

# Give A Pet

By AULEEN B. EBERHARDT

*Courtesy of Christian Science Monitor.*

**T**HERE comes a time in the experience of every mother when she must answer this important question: Shall I permit my child to have a pet?

Some mothers unhesitatingly give a negative answer. They believe that pets make too much work.

However, after years of contact with other mothers and from personal experience with my sons, I am convinced that the normal child longs for a real live pet—to feed and care for, to play with and to call his very own. Indeed, I have observed that the care of the animal is an excellent thing for the child.

Let me tell you of just one instance where pets played a very important part in character building.

Roy was the only child of middle-aged parents. He was timid, and didn't make friends easily. He was lazy and wouldn't even put away his toys. He let his mother hang up his clothes. His mother indulged him with every whim except one—she refused to let him have a dog, no matter how often he asked for one. She believed that a dog would play havoc with her smoothly running household.

One day Roy brought a dog home from school. It was a gaunt, ragged animal, part Shepherd, part Airdale. The dog loved Roy. However, his mother gave it one glance, and then chased the animal away. Roy, who was only eight, cried bitterly.

The next day the dog came home from school with him again—hungrier and shaggier than ever. Roy went into the

house. He took his tricycle, his wagon, his baseball bat, his soldier's helmet, his fleet of toy trucks and his choicest reading books. He put them together in a pile in the playroom. Then he called his mother. "You give all of these away to other children," he said. "I just want the dog."

His mother relented. "Keep him," she said, but added, "take care of him yourself. If he causes trouble, he'll have to go."

Roy was delighted. He fed the dog, found a box in the basement and made him a bed, and then, with the aid of his aunt who liked animals, washed his new pet. He named the dog "Tige." After a few weeks of good care and food, Tige's lean body filled out and his coat improved. He went to school each day with Roy. Children who had never paid any attention to Roy now stopped to talk with him, and he began to lose his timidity and to make friends.

Roy was devoted to the dog. He no longer fussed and whined for new playthings. He was surprisingly obedient. His mother could not fail to notice the change for the better. She decided that if Tige could make so great a change in Roy, she could change, too. So she allowed Tige to come into the house, and gave him the run of the recreation room. She was repaid for her acceptance of the dog when a few weeks later Roy, who had been quite lazy about the home, asked his father for extra jobs so that he could earn money to buy Tige a handsome col-

lar. Shortly afterwards, in response to Roy's pleadings, the parents started to take Sunday hikes with him, the dog, and a couple of friends.

Meanwhile Roy continued to improve in many little ways. Eventually, the dog was the means of awakening Roy's parents to the fact that their son needed their companionship—and not just their gifts. Today, Roy is a manly lad of 16, and Tige is an ancient dog, beloved by the whole family.

Pets can be an excellent means of helping children to assume responsibility, and of bringing out good qualities in our youngsters—particularly the virtue of kindness and unselfishness. They mean work, of course, but the wise parent places the extra duties where they belong, on the shoulders of the children.

Of course, discretion must be used in getting pets for children. A kitten should not be given to the child who is so young he mauls it. A small boy must not be given a dog until he is old enough to be good to his pet.

Dogs are especially devoted to the children who own them. But children must merit their devotion by feeding and watering them and above all treating them with kindness.

Parents must supervise the care of pets and see to it that children assume their responsibilities. If they view the affection of their children for animals with tolerance and understanding, they will reap benefits in the way of seeing their boys and girls develop excellent character traits.



## Mortals to Avoid Certain Ornithologists

By KAREN AND CARSTEN AHRENS

*When winds blow sharp; when the mercury drops low;  
And the landscape is buried in gleaming snow;*

*Then downies, cardinals, chick-a-dees,  
Nuthatches . . . tobogganning down the trees. . .*

*Titmice, song sparrows, juncos and then  
Blue jays, grossbeaks, a winter wren. . .*

*. . . All of us stay when the year grows old;  
We don't hustle South to escape the cold.*

*We appreciate a hand-out . . . and some folks do it  
With a bird feeder filled with crumbs, grain, and suet;*

*But some forget their feeders when icy winds sweep,  
They forget snow buries the weed seeds deep.*

## A Plea for Peace on Earth

OUR man-made universe is not a happy place. It is ridden by fear, suspicion, greed, conspiracy, and danger. But frogs and hummingbirds, little white rabbits and drifting butterflies, mother robins and, indeed, all the myriad beauties of nature are innocent. Animals are not evil. Nature's cruelty is quick, clean, and purposeful, never calculated or sadistic. A swooping seagull does not use a decoy or a sneakboat; a fox does not set steel traps; a lioness does not hide behind an elaborate blind when she seeks a zebra for her young. The gentle, helpless deer have no guns to make their being hunted a fair sport.

Dogs know everlasting loyalty even to the worst of men, but they have no guile. A cat who gives her friendship and affection to her family, bestows a blessing with them. The whole world of nature in its waterfalls and lovely trees, its great rivers, lakes, and high hills, is a source of beauty, inspiration, and serenity of spirit. Its rhythm is a mighty seasonal symphony, from the piccolos of peepers in the spring, to the drums and trumpets of the surf in autumn.

Yet, neither the man-made nor the natural world can long exist without each other. Cows must be milked, sheep must be sheared, pets must be fed, and spaniels gently scratched behind the ear. Man depends upon the earth to yield an everlasting stream of wealth and nourishment for his uses; why should this make him feel that he is so great a fellow?

For centuries the world of nature has endured. Since it has learned its pattern so well, and since it has no great wars among its kind, nor any need of jails, or asylums, or hospitals, it is reasonable to suppose that it will always be here, offering asylum and beauty for mankind to enjoy. However, if the human world is bent upon destroying itself, by the exchange of atomic and hydrogenous tokens big enough to confound all enemies, man will carry the innocent universe along into limbo.

What has the smallest insect (which also has the urge to live) done to deserve such a fate? Why should tiny things—babies, kittens, fledglings, puppies, colts, and cubs, live only days or hours? Has man a divine right to stop

the waterfalls, number the rings around the trunks of noble trees, bring the soaring birds to ground, or erase the flowering meadows and the tall fields of grain?

Christmas will soon be here again, and it reminds us of the lovely folk tale, telling us that animals kneel in worship at midnight, every Christmas Eve. For Christ was born in the stable of the inn, and the Wise Men, Kings and Shepherds, who came to do Him homage, were not the first to look upon the Babe in that holy place. It was the lowly cattle and the sheep who were there.

It was also on that first Christmas Eve that the angels sang:

*"Peace on earth  
Good will toward men."*

God willing, may man learn to extend his good will towards the silent universe all around him, to a world whose creatures cannot plead their own cause, but only trust; to a world whose pattern of existence is surely a little closer to Heaven than his own.

—Olga Owens, former Book Editor of the Boston Post.



A word of advice before leaving.

IN ancient times many roads led over the Swiss Alps, but the Great St. Bernard Pass was probably the most traveled one after the Romans improved it in 1 A.D. On the summit not far from where the hospice now stands, they put a temple to Jupiter. The pass became a haunt of thieves and robbers, who tortured and killed wayfaring tradesmen. Into troubled times Bernard de Menthon was born in Savoy at the end of the 10th century, the son of the great feudal baron Richard de Menthon. Bernard became an outstanding churchman, and legend has it that a handful of pilgrims stumbled into his church with a tale of horror.

They had been attacked by Procus, the giant statue of Jupiter. At once Bernard rallied the reluctant villagers and led them praying and singing through a terrible storm up to the Plain of Jupiter.

Procus turned himself into a dragon and was about to swallow Bernard. But Bernard threw his stole around the devil and destroyed him. The villagers demolished the images of Jupiter that the Romans had erected, and the pass was cleansed . . . An iron statue of St. Bernard points the way to his original hospice in the Alps, a welcome haven to the winter mountain travellers.

The ancestors of the St. Bernard dogs are traced back to over 2000 years ago. On relief found in Assyria are pictured large short-haired mastiffs. Descendants of these animals were brought by means of wars and trade from Asia to Greece and Rome.

The St. Bernard as we know today combines the best traits of this original ancestor plus a mixture of Newfoundland, Great Dane and native sheep dog.

At the dog cemetery at Clichy, near Paris, a fitting monument has been erected

# Alpine Saviour

in honor of the famous St. Bernard dog, Barry, with a child on his back depicting his rescue of a little girl whom he found half-dead in the snow and warmed to life . . . then, by kneeling in front of her, he in some manner induced her to climb on his back. Whereupon he bore her away in safety to the hospice.

Barry was a dog of amazing strength and wisdom. He lived with the monks on the highest point of the mountain pass, the most elevated dwelling place in the Old World—the Hospice of St. Bernard. During his twelve years with the

of the Hospice. Here he told the story of his lost fellow-traveller.

Barry was so insistent about joining the rescue party that the monks permitted him to have his way. Barry found the man who had been left unconscious in the snow. Barry finally, by various methods, roused him from his stupor only to be mistaken by the man for a wild beast. With the remaining strength he had, the traveller managed to get his knife out of his pocket and plunge it into Barry's neck.

In spite of this, the faithful dog kept at his task until the traveller realized that he had evidently been found by one of the dogs at the Hospice. He struggled to his feet, and half leaning on the dog, whose strength was rapidly failing from loss of blood, finally reached the Hospice. On its threshold this noble creature, who had stained every step of the way back with his life's blood, fell exhausted, having given to all humanity a lesson in fidelity to a trust as great as could be taught.

The name of "Barry" is given to the best puppy of each litter that is born at the Hospice of St. Bernard in honor of the original Barry. —A. C. G.



Guests arrive at the Hospice of St. Bernard after a weary day of travelling. All are welcomed by yelps of the St. Bernard.

monks Barry accomplished forty-one rescues. He was then retired to a life of ease and comfort, but the spirit of adventure was still keenly alive in the old dog.

Two travellers were lost in a blinding snow storm. One of them in his anxiety insisted upon recourse to the brandy flask. His friend warned him that his action would leave him in a worse condition than he already was in. Refusing the advice of his friend, he drank heavily, and after forging ahead for a short distance, became utterly exhausted and sank in the snow. His companion struggled on and at last was able to reach the friendly shelter



On the monument in the cemetery in Paris, is the following inscription: "He saved the lives of forty persons . . . and was killed by the forty-first!"



# Merry Christmas to All

Bulgarian: *Chestita Kol- da!*  
 Czech: *Vesele Vanoce!*  
 Danish: *Glaedelig Jul!*  
 Dutch: *Vrolijk Kerstfeest!*  
 Finnish: *Hauskea Joulua!*  
 French: *Joyeux Noël!*  
 German: *Frohe Weihnachten!*  
 Hungarian: *Boldog Karácsonyt!*  
 Italian: *Buon Natale!*  
 Norwegian-Swedish: *God Jul!*  
 Portuguese: *Feliz Natal!*  
 Spanish: *Felices Pascuas!*  
 Yugoslavian: *Srećan Rodjendan!*  
 Arabic: *Eed Milad Saaid!*  
 Chinese: *Shan Tan Kwei Lo!*  
 Greek: *Kala Kbristooghenna!*  
 Hindustani: *Natal Mobarak!*  
 Japanese: *Kurisumasu Omedeto!*  
 Korean: *Chuk Sung Tan!*  
 Malay: *Selamat Hari Krismas!*  
 Polish: *Wesolych Swiat!*  
 Swahili: *Muzuri Noel!*  
 Tagalog: *Maligayang Pasko!*  
 Turkish: *Noeliniz sen olsun!*  
 Urdu: *Natal Mubarak!*



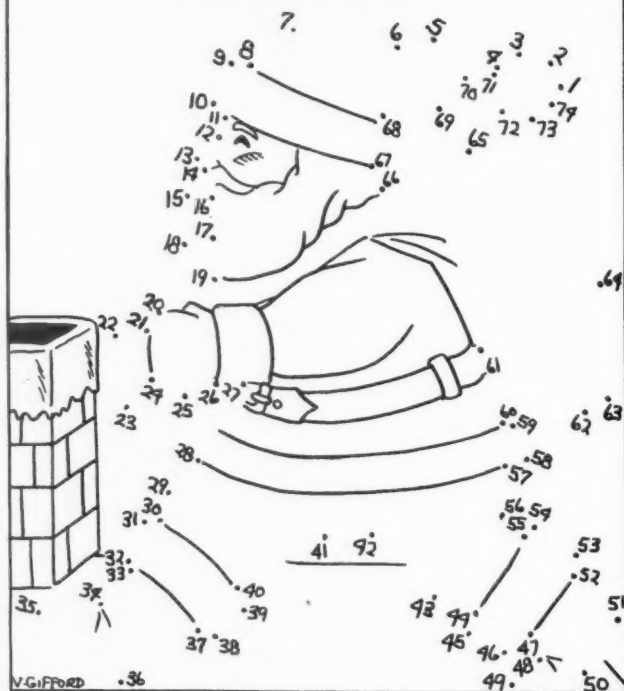
- ACROSS**
1. FROZEN WATER.
  3. SUNDAY SCHOOL - ABBV.
  - 5.
  7. HOTEL.
  9. TO FALL SHORT.
  11. KIND OF MEAT.
  - 13.
- DOWN**
- 2.
  3. TO BURN WITH HOT LIQUID.
  4. TO GLIDE OVER SNOW ON SKIS.
  6. FROM.
  7. FOUR - ROMAN NUM.
  8. SHORT SLEEP.
  10. BEHOLD.
  12. LOUISIANA - ABBV.



Crossword puzzle answers next month.

## FOLLOW THE DOTS

THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE ROOFTOP  
 WHO CAN IT BE?  
 FOLLOW THE DOTS  
 AND YOU WILL SEE.



Edna Markham.

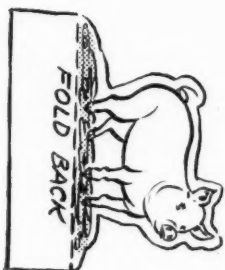
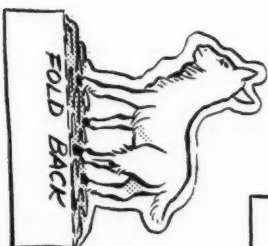
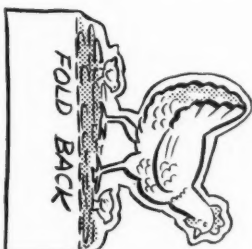
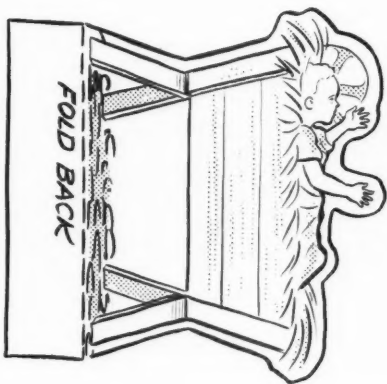
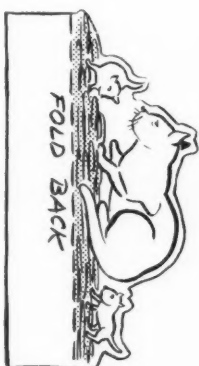
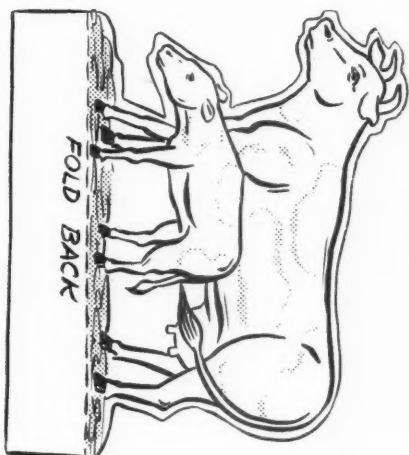
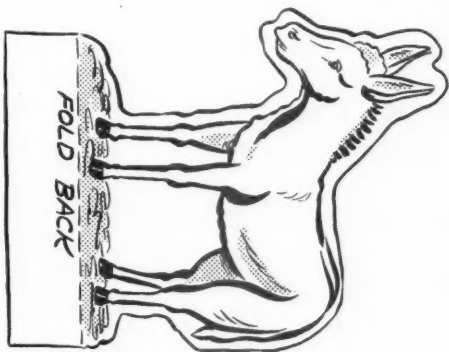
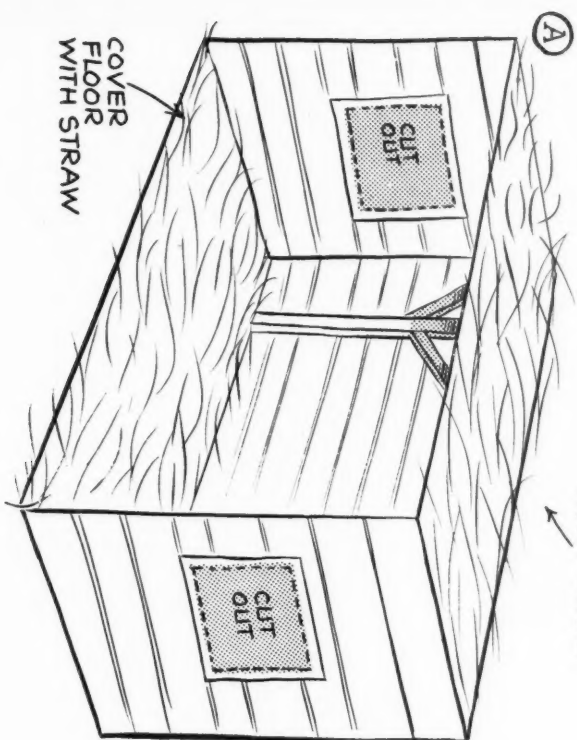
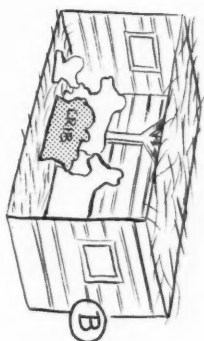
Sometimes when I go visiting,  
 Chum really puts me in a plight,  
 For soon he's thumping at the door—  
 He thinks he has a perfect right.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# Young Readers 3-Dimensional Christmas Crib

1. CUT OUT THE ANIMALS AND CRIB ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THIS PAGE.
2. COLOR THE CUT-OUT ANIMALS AND PASTE THEM ON LIGHT CARDBOARD.
3. OBTAIN A SHOE BOX ... DECORATE AS SHOWN IN FIGURE (A) WITH INK OR CRAYON ... CUT OUT WINDOWS.
4. PLACE YOUR CRIB AND ANIMALS AS SHOWN IN FIGURE (B).



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How much of his own intelligence man can communicate to the lower animals through affectionate language and manners, has not been discovered. They often seem to be taught, through fear, to do many things, but their intelligence is not cultivated. A high spirited horse may, through fear of his master, perform certain acts. His movements will not be a joyful outgoing of his nature, but constrained and governed only by the will which holds him under control. His muscles are cultivated not his mind.

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